Rot halfe a graine a day: he lies to'th heart,
She was too fond of her most filthy bargaine.
Oth. Ha?
Em. Doe thy worst,
This deed of thine is no more worthy heauen,
Then thou wast worthy her.
Oth. Peace, you were best.
Em. Thou hast not halfe the power to doe me harme,
As I haue to be hurt: O gull, O dolt,
As ignorant as dirtt; thou hast done a deed ---
I care not for thy sword, I'le make thee know,
Tho I lost twenty liues: helpe, helpe, O helpe;
The Moore has kild my Mistresse, murder, murder.
Enter Montano, Gratiano, Iago, *and others.*
Mon. What is the matter? how now Generall?
Em. O, are you come *Iago*? you haue done well,
That men must lay their murder on your neck.
All. What is the matter?
Em. Disproue this villaine, if thou bee'st a man;
He sayes thou toldst him that his wife was false,
I know thou didst not, thou art not such a villaine:
Speake, for my heart is full.
Iag. I told him what I thought, and told no more,
Then what he found himselfe was apt and true.
Em. But did you euer tell him she was false?
Iag. I did.
Em. You told a lie, an odious damned lie;
Vpon my soule, a lie, a wicked lie:
She false with *Cassio*; did you say with *Cassio*?
Iag. With *Cassio* mistresse; go to, charme your tongue.
Em. I will not charme my tongue, I am bound to speake.
Iag. What are you mad, I charge you get you home.
Em. Good Gentlemen let me haue leaue to speake,
Tis proper I obey him, but not now:
Perchance *Iago*, I will ne're goe home.
Oth. Oh, oh, oh. Oth. *falls on the bed.*
Em. Nay, lay thee downe, and rore,

For

For thou hast kild the sweeteſt
That ere did lift vp eye.
Oth. O she was foule:
I scarce did know you Vncle, the
Whose breath indeed, these hand
I know this act shewes terrible
Gra. Poore *Desdemona*, I am
Thy match was mortall to him,
Shore his old thread atwane: di
This sight would make him doe
Yea curse his better Angell from
And fall to reprobation.
Oth. Tis pittifull, but yet *Iag*
That she with *Cassio*, hath the ac
A thousand times committed;
And she did gratifie his amorou
With the recognisance and pled
Which I first gaue her; I saw it
It was a handkercher; an Antic
My father gaue my mother.
Em. O God, O heauenly G
Iag. Zouns, hold your peace
Em. 'Twill out, 'twill: I hold
I'le be in speaking, liberall as th
Let heauen, and men, and diuells,
All, all cry shame against me, yet
Iag. Be wise, and get you ho
Em. I will not.
Gra. Fie, your sword vpon a
Em. O thou dull Moore, tha
I found by fortune, and did giue
For often with a solemne earnes
More then indeed belong'd to s
He beg'd of me to steale it.
Iag. Villainous whore.
Em. She gaue it *Cassio*? no a
And I did giu't my husband.

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